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Now the BILL is past, Wooden Shoes at last.

TH E best of all things is the *Golden Mean*,
Virtue resides not in the two Extreams:
E'en the Heavens declare this Maxim true,
Which five Zones have, and yet there are but two
Under which mankind can his Life possess,
That this is so, *Astronomers* confess.
Perhaps you'll say, the third shou'd Centre be,
But let two Circles here be drawn by thee.
The third is then Extream, you'll quickly see.
But since 'tis my design to write upon
The *Golden Mean*, why stay I here so long?
Of the *Hare* and *Partridge* let us take a view.
The first's too fearful, and the latter too
Audacious, stays until the Net be drew:
The other starts at e'ery blast of Wind,
As if the Enemy was e'en then behind.
The *Hare* is thus like Jealousie and Fears,
Which sets us oft together by the Ears.
Thus it falls out, we frequent are undone
By Hurly-burlies which we strive to shun,
As in the dismal Date of Forty One.
No less simply the *Partridge* is beset,
Who takes no care, till in the fatal Net
In which we'd almost been in Eighty Eight:
And then, alas, too late she wou'd avoid
Those Snares in which already she's decoy'd.
Then wisely let us act like *Reynolds*, who
Do's timely fly, when that his Foes pursue:
'Tis time to stir, when once the Wooden Shoe
Is seen or heard, for fear of *L—s* too.
November's Plots were soon enough foreknown,
Before the Pop was made, or Powder blown,
Before the Duke came in, or Wax-work shown.
And tho' the BILL is pass'd, they *Brethren* are,
And till they're quite undone, need not despair:
Perhaps some *B—t* may harangue the Crowd,
To bring Relief before they're in the Shroud.
The Wheel upon the Axis moveth still,
And various VVinds, various Sails do fill:
There's nothing which is always at a stay,
The Tide it self do's often change its way.
Then if kind *Phæbus* shou'd resolve again
To grant to *Phæton* the Horses Rein,
Let him be mindful of his fatal Sire,
'Tis ill Repenting when the VVorld's on fire.
Ulysses like, may *Jove* preserve him long
From *Polyphemus*, and the *Syrènes* Song:
Dædalus like, may he keep the middle State,
And still beware of *Icarus's* Fate.